Ran fearfully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatans,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble *Mortimer*,
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſlandered with reuolt.

King. Thou doſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower*,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the Diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer*,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kind from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

Nor. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Heere comes your Vnckle.

Hot. Speake of *Mortimer?*
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea on his part, Ile empty all theſe veines,
And ſhed my deare bloud, drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downe-trod *Mortimer*,
As high in'th ayre as this vnthankfull King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbrooke*.

Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad.

Wor. Who ſtrooke this heat vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of bloud?

Nor. He was; I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his *Iriſh* expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd and ſhortly murdered.

Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide-m
Liue ſcandaliz'd and foulie ſpoken off.

Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heire to the Crowne?

Nor. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his cooſin King,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue.
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake weare the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes vndergoe,
Being the agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtile King.
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe daies,
Or fill vp Cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it haue done)
To put downe *Richard* that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this thorne, this canker *Bullingbrooke?*
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnder-went?